The Fuſt Part of

The Tom-Tit,

Or ſomething to pleaſe every Body.

Being a Collection of Intire New Songs, which are not to be met with in any other. Containing the favourite Songs call'd *No Never*, *the Artificial Fly*, the *Duſt-Cart*, *My Grandmother's Cot*, *Heigh-ho* and many others intirely New.

1. NO NEVER.
2. New Song by Mr. Lowe.
3. Cymon and Iphigenia.
4. Smile Britania ſmile.
5. The New Shawn Bree.
6. The DUSTCART.
7. The Diſtreſt Nymph by *Stevenſon*
8. The Parent Bird.
9. When the Roſe is in Bud.
10. Thurſday in the Morn
11. *Colin*'s Succeſs, by Mrs. *Chambers*
12. The New *Colin* and *Phebe*.
15. Young Collin was the bonnieſt Swain.
16. My Grandmother's Cot.
17. The Fly rtficial

Sold in Piccadilly.

No never, a favourite Song ſung by Mr. Lowe and Miſs Stevenſon.

DEar *Phillis*, ſweet Girl, be now kind to my Pain,
Nor ſuffer me longer to court you in vain,
And I'll love you ſincerely for ever,
Ah' *Colin*, my Heart was about (to comply,
But what my Hope wiſhes, my Fears will deny,
I can never be yours no never.
Fie, Phillis how can you ſtill trifle with Love,
Away with your Fears, and my Paſſion approve,
When I tell you I'll love you for ever.
Fie! *Colin* how can you ſtill teaze me in vain,
When I told you before, and I tell you again,
I can never be yours. *Colin.* What never?
Then adieu to all Joy, my Heart will ſoon break,
If my Phillis denies what I fondly did ſeek,
I can never be happy no never?
Then away with my doubts, I will fondly believe (deceive,
That *Colin* his *Phillis* will never
That *Colin* will love me for ever, (leave me
You never ſure never will
No never, ſure, never will leave me
No never, no never will leave you.

A New Song by Mr. Lowe.

NOw May has unfolded the Hopes of the Year
And melts with warm wiſhes the Hearts of the Fair
Joy ſwells my fond Boſom and glides black Deſpair,
And the Voice of all Nature breaks ſoft in my Ear,
That May ſhall plead for me with Polly,
For a Winter deform'd the deſolate Plain, (Blaſts of Diſdain
So droop'd my Sick Heart in the
But Summer enlivens the Land ſcape again
Hope dawns in my Breaſt, and repays all my Pain
And May ſhall plead for me with Polly.
Let falſe faithleſs Swains for Variety rove
And ſeek for new Faces new Pleaſures to prove,
I'll fly to my Fair on the Wings of pure Love
And pour out my Soul with the Truth of a Dove,
And May ſhall plead with me for Polly.
For how from ſuch Charms cou'd my Fancy e'er ſtray,
Tho' from Prudence reſerv'd from Good-nature ſhe's Gay
Love Beams from her Eye, in ripe Youth dazzling Ray,
And Health paints her Cheek with the Bloom of ſweet May
And May ſhall plead for me with Polly.

Cymon and Iphigenia. A Cantata.

Recit.

NEar a thick Grove, whose deep embow'ring Shade,
Seem'd most for Love and Comtemplation made;
A cryſtal Stream with gentle Murmurs flows,
Whose flow'ry Banks are form'd for soft Repose:
Thither retir'd from Phœbus's sultry Ray,
And lull'd in Sleep, fair Iphigenia lay:
Cymon, a Clown, who never dreamt of Love,
By Chance was ſtumping to the neighbouring Grove;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
and whiſtl'd as he went for want of Thought;
But when he firſt beheld the ſleeping Maid;
He ſtar'd, her lovely Form ſurvey'd, and while with artleſs Voice he ſung,
Beauty, and Nature thus inform'd his tongue.

Air.

The Stream that glides in Murmurs by,
Whose glaſſy Boſom ſhews the ſky,
Compleats the rural Scene;
Compleats the rural Scene;
But in thy boſom charming Maid,
All Heav'n itſelf is ſure diſplay'd;
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene.

Recit.

She wakes, and ſtarts, poor Cymon trembling ſtands,
Down falls the Staff, from his unnerved Hands;
Bright Excellence, ſaid he, diſpel all Fear,
Where Honour's preſent, ſure no Danger's near:
Half rais'd, with gentle accent, ſhe replies,
O Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not riſe;
Thy honeſt heart no wrong can entertain,
Purſue thy way, and let me ſleep again:
The Clown, tranſported, wasoten ſilent long,
But thus with Extacy, purſu'd his ſong.

Air.

Thy jetty Locks, that careleſs break,
In wanton Ringlets down thy Neck;
Thy love inſpiring Mien,
Thy love inſpiring Mien;
Thy ſwelling Boſom, ſkin of ſnow,
and taper ſhape inchant me ſo,
I die for Iphigene,
I die for Iphigene.

Recit.

amaz'd, ſhe liſtens, nor can trace from whence,
The former Clod is thus inſpir'd with Senſe;
She gazes, finds him comely, tall, and ſtrait,
and thinks he might improve his awk'ard Gate;
Bids him be ſecret, and next Day attend,
at the ſame Hour, to meet his faithful Friend;
Thus mighty Love cou'd teach a Clown to plead,
and Nature's Language ſweeteſt will ſucceed.

Air.

Love's a pure, a ſacred Fire,

Kindling a gentle, chaſte Deſire;
Love, o'n Rage itſelf controul,
and elevate, and elevate, the human
ſoul;
Depriv'd of that, our wretched ſtate,
Had made our Lives of too long date,
But bleſt with beauty, and with Love,
Bleſt with beauty, and with Love,
We taſte what angels do above,
What angels do above.

SMile, ſmile Britannia, ſmile,
Thy Genius comes again,
To guard thy fruitful Iſles,
And thunder o'er the Main;
Thy gallic ſons diſdain the Eaſe,
Now crown thee Miſtreſs of the Seas,
Now crown thee Miſtreſs of the Seas.
While dauntleſs they advance,
And bid the Cannons roar;
They'll ſcourge the Pride of France,
And ſhake th' imperial throne:
Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves,
With Courage never known to Slaves.
With Courage, &c.
The Deck diſtain'd with Blood,
The Bullets wing'd with Fate;
The wide and reſtleſs Flood,
Cannot the Rage abate:
In Anſon and in Warren wake,
The Souls of Ruſſel, and of Drake,
The Souls, &c.
Britons, purſue the Blow,
Like Sons of Freedom fight;
Convince the haughty Foe,
That you'll maintain your Right:
Defiance bid to France and Spain,
Aſſert your Empire o'er the Main,
Aſſert your Empire o'er the Main.

The New Shawn Bree.

YE Laſſes ſo pritty ſo wanton ſo
witty,
Who like to indulge Inclination,
No longer are ſhy when they once
come to try,
The raviſhing touch Titulation;
Tho' in ſecret the Prude, will cry Sh
you are made,
And turn away as ſcornful as can be,
But in private ſhe'll take in her arms
the dear Rake, (Bree,
And except over-joy'd of his Shawn
Ye Virgins be wiſer don't live like the
Miſer,
The Pleaſures of Beauty unaſting,
The Diamond tho' fine whilſt hid in
the Mine, (waſting;
To no end there the Brilliant lies
But when brought into uſe it will
Pleaſure produce,
And ſparkle as bright as bright can be,
But no Brilliant ſo rare can ever com-
pare (Bree
To the jewells dependant on Shawn
The Girl of Fifteen pined with Sick-
neſs call'd Green,
This Elixir Salutis will raiſe Sir,
It's the Doctor adored by each Fair
one procured,
And a Medicine for every Diſeaſe Sir
To a dying poor Creature this Clyſter
of Nature, (be
Adminiſtred as warm as warm can
Old or Young, Rich or Poor 'twill
certainly cure (Bree
By injecting the juice of your Shawn
When Confeſſion is done betwee
Friar and Nun,
Abſolution lays down to receive Sir
Firſt he enters her Cell and ſprinkles
well, (Sir
And abſolves her as Adam did Eve
ſince ſinning Iuſe ſuch abſolving chut
It's Puniſhment pleaſing as can be,
Doctor Dominick hear a fond Pen
tent's Prayer, (Shawn Bree
Let my Pennance each Night be

The Duſt Cart.

AS tinkering Tom the Streets his Trade did cry, (by,
He ſaw his lovely *Silvia* paſſing
In *Duſt Cart* high advanc'd the Nymph was plac'd,
With the rich Cinders round her lovely waſte,
Tom with uplifted Hands the Occaſion bleſt,
And thus in ſoothing ſtrains the Maid addreſt.
Oh *Sylvia!* while you drive your Carts (hearts,
To pick up Duſt you ſteal our You take our Duſt and ſteal our hearts.
That mine is gone alas is true,
And dwells among the Duſt with you, and dwells, &c.
O lovely *Sylvia* eaſe my Pain,
Give me the heart you ſtole again. Give me my heart,
Out of your Cart, give me the heart you ſtole again.
Sylvia advanc'd above the Rabble Rout,
Exulting roll'd her ſparkling Eyes about,
She heav'd her ſwelling Breaſts as black as Sloe,
And look'd Diſdain on little Folks below.
To *Tom* ſhe nodded as the Carr drew on, And then reſolv'd to ſpeak ſhe cry'd ſtop John.
Shall I who ride above the reſt,
Be by a paltry Crowd oppreſt;
Ambition now my Soul does fire
The Youths ſhall languiſh and admire, (heart,
And every Girl with anxious Shall long to ride in my Duſtcart.

The Diſtreſt Nymph.

PEnſive and ſad Cleora ſought the lonely, ſilent Grove,
And there in melancholy thought She wept her haples's Love;
Come Death, more kind than Colin's Breaſt, (dart,
She cry'd——come throw thy And give my tortur'd Boſom reſt And pierce my love ſick heart.
Then on a Bank with Moſs o'er-grown,
She laid her Head at Eaſe,
When Death in Pity heard her moan,
And gave the Virgin Peace.
Thus when a ſudden heavy ſhower,
Falls raging from the Skies,
The Lilly, ſweeteſt, faireſt Flower,
Declines its Head and Dies.

Colin's Succeſs.

Sung by Mrs. *Chamb:rs at Marybone-Gardens* this Seaſon.

TO woo me and win me, and kiſs and all that,
Young Colin tript over the plain
He ſaw me, he bluſh'd, and he play'd with his Hat,
So I bid him return back again.
Ah, Phillis, he cry'd, from the Cottage I've ſtray'd,
In hopes you'd be kind to your Swain,
Oh grant my a Kiſs, you may take it I ſaid,
But pray never attempt it again.

The Retort Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vauxhall.

YE Fair from Man's indsidious Love,
Your tender Hearts defend :
Leſt the miſtaken Bliſs ye prove
But ſorrow is the End ;
Thro' Reaſon ſcant,
Each artfull Man,—
Nor truſt your Ear or Eye,
Young Maids beware,
Young Maids beware, (enſnare
Young Maids beware Men Fiſh
With artificial Fly. (Flow'rs,
With looks as fair as Summer
Soft Words like Honey ſweet,
And Tears that fall in gentle Show'rs,
Your Pity they'll intreat ;
Mere common Arts to catch your Hearts,
Each Foible to deſcry ;
Young Maids beware &c.
The honeſt Clown that Plows the Land,
In Love is all a Cheat ;
And Monarchs born to high Command,
Well know the dear Deceit,
In Loves ſly Tricks and Politics,
A Promiſe is a Lye ;
Young Maids beware &c.
Where Clods of Earth all animate
Each Blade of Grass a Tongue
'Twou'd waſte their Moiſture to relate,
The Miſchiefs men have done;
Then guard your Hearts from Cupid's, Darts
And all the Sex defy ;
Young maids beware men Fiſh enſnare,
With artificial Fly.

My Grandmother's Cot.
Sung by Mrs. Yates at Sadler's Wells.

WHen I liv'd in my Grand-mother's Cot,
What a happy young Damſel was I! (the Pot
Each Day with the Spit o
With plenty of Pudding or Pye
I'd a Horſe that cou'd amble an trot, (hard by
And good Neighbours to viſi
Yet I wanted I cou'd not te what, (why, &c
And I ſigh'd, but I could not te
My Daddy, he bought me a Kno
With a Fan, and a new faſhion' Fly,
A Pair of Silk Shoes too I go
To wear when the Weather wa dry: (my Lo
Yet to pine all the Day wa
And in Bed ever reſtleſs to lye
For I wanted—I cou'd not te what, (tell why
And I ſigh'd,—but I cou'd n
For councill I car'd not a Jot,
Reſolv'd ſome new Project to t
And I thought I ſhou'd die o the Spot, (by
If a pretty young Fellow paſſ
At laſt a brisk Husband I go
'Twas the Man I had long i my Eye ; (who
He gave me—I muſt not te
And I lov'd him ;—but need n tell why.

THE Parent Bird, whoſe little Neſt
Is by its tender Young poſſeſs'd,
With ſpreading Wings, and downy Breaſt,
Does cheriſh them with Love;
But ſoon as Nature plumes their Wings,
And guides their Flight to Groves and Springs,
Quite unconcern'd the Parent ſings,
Regardleſs where they rove.
While hapleſs we of Human Race
The laſting Cares of Life embrace,
And ſtill our beſt Affection place,
On what procures us pain:
tho' Children, as their Years increaſe,
Increaſe our Fear, and ſpoil our Peace,
Paternal Love will never ceaſe,
But ever will remain.

WHen the Roſe is in bud, and blue Vi'lets blow,
And the Birds ſing us love Songs on ev'ry Bough;
When Couſlips and Daiſies, and Daffodils ſpread,
Adorning, perfuming, the flowery Mead:
Our cleanly Milk-pail,
Is fill'd with brown Ale;
Our table, our table's the Graſs:
there we ſit and we ſing,
And we dance in a Ring,
And ev'ry Lad has his Laſs.
Cho. there we ſit and we ſing, and we dance in a Ring,
And every Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Laſs.
When without the Plough the fat Oxen do low,
the Lads and the Laſſes a Sheep Shearing go;
Our Shepherd ſhears his jolly, jolly Fleece,
How much richer than that, which they ſay was in Greece:
'tis our Cloth, and our Food,
And our politic Blood:
'tis the ſeat which our Nobles all ſit on
'tis a Mine above Ground, where our treaſure's all ſound,
'tis the Gold, and the Silver of Britain
Cho. 'tis a Mine above ground, where our treaſure's all ſound,
'tis the Gold, and the Silver of Britain.

THurſday in the Morn the nineteenth of May,
Recorded for ever the famous Ninety two;
Brave Ruſſel did diſcern by dawn of day,
The lofty ſails of France advancing now;
all Hands aloft, aloft, let Engliſh Valour ſhine,
Let fly a Culverin, the Signal for the Line:
Let every Hand ſupply his Gun,
Follow me, and you'll ſee
That the Battle will be ſoon begun.
Tourville on the Main triumphant rowl'd
To meet the gallant Ruſſel in Combat on the Deep;
He led a noble train of Heroes bold,
to ſink the Engliſh Admiral at his feet,
Now every valiant Mind to victory doth aſpire,
The bloody Fight's begun, the Sea itſelf on Fire;
and mighty Fate ſtood looking on,
whilſt a Flood of Blood,
Fill'd the Scuppers of the riſing Sun.
Sulphur, Smoke and Fire, diſturbing the air,

With Thunder and Wonder affright
the Gallick ſhore;
Their regulated Bands ſtood trem-
bling near,
To ſee the lofty Streamers now no
more;
At Six a Clock the Red the ſmiling
Victors led,
to give a ſecond blow, the fatal
Overthrow;
Now Death and Horror equal reign,
Now they cry, Run or die,
Britiſh Colours ride the vanquiſh'd
Main.
See they fly amaz'd thro' Rocks and
Sands,
One Danger they graſp at to ſhun the
greater Fate;
In vain they cry for Aid to weeping
Lands,
the Nymphs and Sea Gods mourn
their loſt Eſtate;
Foevermore adieu thou dazling
Riſing Sun,
From thy untimely End thy Maſter's
Fate begun;
Enough thou mighty God of War!
Now we ſing, bleſs the King,
Let us drink to every Engliſh Tar.

A New Song Sung by Miſs Burchell, at Vauxhall.

YOung Colin was the bonnieſt
Swain
That ever pip'd on flow'ry Pla
Or danc'd upon the Lea;
The wanton Kid, in gameſom
Bound, (Groun
That frolicks o'er the turf
Was not ſo blith as he.
Beneath the Oak, in yonder Da
You'd think you heard the Nigh
ingale,
When e'er he rais'd his Voice,
But, ah! the Youth was all Decei
His Vows, his Oaths, were all
Cheat,
And Choice ſucceeded Choice
The Maidens ſung, in yello
Groves, (Laves
Here Jenny told her Woes,
And Moggy's Tears increas'd th
Brook, (look,
That once out bluſh'd the Ro
Unhappy Fair, my words believ
So ſhall no Swain your Hop
deceive,
And leave you in Deſpair.
Ere he diſcloſ'd his fickle Min
Change firſt your ſelves, for al
you'll find,
Falſe Collins every where.